

ST. CHARLES WOMAN WAS FORTUNATE

It Was a Lucky Day for Mrs. Wietheolter When She Read About Doan's

"I had such awful cutting pains in the small of my back and hips, I often had to cry out," says Mrs. Ernest Wietheolter, 550 Madison St., St. Charles, Mo. "The pain was knife-like and I couldn't turn in bed, in fact I was almost helpless. My feet and ankles swelled badly, my hands were puffed up and there were swellings under my eyes. I often got so dizzy I had to sit down to keep from falling and my health was completely broken down. The kidney secretions piled terribly in passage and in spite of all the medicine I took, I kept getting worse until I was a wreck."



"By chance I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and bought some. After I had used half a box there was a change and I continued to improve; the pains, aches and swellings left and my health returned."

Sworn to before me, WM. F. WOLTER, Notary Public. ALMOST TWO YEARS LATER, Mrs. Wietheolter said: "I think as highly of Doan's as ever. Whenever I have used them, they have benefited me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Cuticura Stops Itching and Saves the Hair

All druggists. Soap, Ointment and Talcum. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 2, Boston."

OLD SORES, PILES AND ECZEMA VANISH

Good, Old, Reliable Peterson's Ointment a Favorite Remedy.

"Had 51 ulcers on my legs. Doctors wanted to cut off leg. Peterson's Ointment cured me."—Wm. J. Nichols, 40 Wilder Street, Rochester, N. Y. Get a large box for 35 cents at any druggist, says Peterson, of Buffalo, N. Y., and money back if it isn't the best you ever used. Always keep Peterson's Ointment in the house. Fine for burns, scalds, bruises, sunburn, and the surest remedy for itching eczema and piles the world has ever known.

India Needs American Goods. The fact that the Bombay Electric Tramway company, Bombay, India, recently placed an order for 130 trams, trucks in America on account of the advantageous prices quoted, indicates that there is further opportunity for the marketing in India of this and kindred lines.

ASPIRIN FOR HEADACHE

Name "Bayer" is on Genuine Aspirin—say Bayer



Insist on "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in a "Bayer package," containing proper directions for Headache, Colds, Pain, Neuralgia, Lumbago, and Rheumatism. Name "Bayer" means genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for nineteen years. Handy tin boxes of 22 tablets cost few cents. Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetacidester of Salicylic acid.—Adv.

Merely Broke.

She—They say Mr. Destyle is financially embarrassed.

He—Well, he's horribly in debt, but it would take more than that to embarrass him.—Boston Post.

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP.

In these days of unsettled weather look out for colds. Take every precaution against the dreaded influenza and at the first sneeze remember that Boschee's Syrup has been used for fifty-three years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis and colds, throat irritation and especially for lung troubles, giving the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning. Made in America and kept as a household remedy in the homes of thousands of families all over the civilized world. Try one bottle and accept no substitutes.—Adv.

Unusual.

"There's just one thing I want to ask you, John?" "Only one, Henrietta? Ain't you feelin' well?"

Cuticura for Sore Hands.

Soak hands on retiring in the hot suds of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus Ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do if Soap, Ointment and Talcum are used for all toilet purposes.—Adv.

Drop a nickel in the toy bank today and get five cents' worth of exercise trying to get it out tomorrow.

MURINE Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tingle, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for

Thanksgiving A Story of Mary Graham Bonner

EVERYTHING in the life of James Grant, known to all as Jimmie, had been even and smooth. Things had just happened that way for him. After college when he decided he did not want to go into his father's business but that he would like to study law, it had been arranged for him. His father only said: "Of all contemptible things, the meanest is to make a son take up a work which isn't his."

So Jimmie studied law, then he went to an office and moved upward until he had been an assistant district attorney in New York. His brilliant work had won him a big reputation.

Life was so full of pleasures and joys and of everything going on smoothly, happily. And the last and he greatest of all the happiness he had known had been when he had moved and found that he had won the heart of Beth Gray.

There had been only one incident which, as Jimmie now looked back upon his life, had at all made him unhappy, and he thought of it but seldom now.

One of the boys he had liked best at first at college, and who had had many winning qualities, had turned out to be the worst sort of a scoundrel. He had cribbed in examinations, cheated in games, and used money which had not belonged to him. They had a rule at college by which the student body could expel, and they had expelled Arthur Cogswell.

Jimmie's disillusionment in his friend had been his only tragedy. Never had he forgotten the look on Arthur's face and the fiery red of the long narrow scar over his right eye when he said, as he gazed at Jimmie: "I know you're responsible for this." (Arthur often made w's of his r's.) "And I'll get you for it some day, if it takes me all my life."

Now it had completely gone out of his mind. He thought only of Beth and of being a success for her sake.



Had Been Assistant District Attorney.

They were to be married in three months. Beth was getting her trousseau and seeing about an apartment and doing the many things she seemed to feel it was essential to do before getting married.

The only cloud now upon her horizon was the fact that she was too stout, and happiness only seemed to make her feel lazier and more contented, which was all very well and very pleasant, only it had added a goodly number of pounds to her weight as the weeks went by. And she would be happy and she would gain—and Jimmie didn't like fat women.

She had heard of a doctor who was famous for his diets, for making fat people thin, for making thin people fat, and he was not a quack. She had been careful to find that out, and so, without admitting her vanity to Jimmie, she went to see him.

"You understand how I feel about it, Doctor Chisholm," she said a few days later as she talked to a young man scarcely older than Jimmie. "My fiancé is the dearest man—but he is very sensitive—and while I don't mean that it is foolish to have you prescribe for me—he would be so afraid that I was injuring my health that he wouldn't approve at all."

"Well, to start with, a diet's the thing."

"Yes," she agreed, "Jimmie even tells me I shouldn't eat so many sweets."

"Jimmie is the lucky man, I take it," the doctor remarked.

"Yes, Jimmie Grant," she said. The doctor drew back suddenly, but she did not notice any change in his manner as she added naively. "He is wonderful."

"I'm sure of it," the doctor said. "I used to know a Jimmie Grant. He went to college with me. I wonder if he could be the same."

"Perhaps! How interesting!" Beth said, as she told him Jimmie's college, but he shook his head.

"No, he must be a different Jimmie Grant. Ours was a fine man, too. Two colleges evidently had fine Jimmie Grants. Ours was an athlete, though

a little fellow. He had the muscles of a Hercules."

"My Jimmie is very tall," she laughed, "tall and dark; he is really awfully good looking. He was on the baseball team the year he graduated." On she talked of Jimmie, of his popularity, of his fraternity, of the many friends he had.

"I'm so sorry," she said penitently at last. "I'm wasting your time. Now tell me what I am to do."

"Well, I'll have a prescription for you, in addition to the diet. I'll have it prepared. Could you come back tomorrow? I have a call. I'm sorry."

He looked at his watch. "Tomorrow?" She had gone and the doctor went into his laboratory. He looked at the long rows of tubes and bottles, at powders and liquids. The little phial of that strange oriental poison seemed to be looking at him with the eyes of an evil spirit, drawing him nearer and nearer. He had always meant to use it in connection with some research experiments, but he well knew its power. He had heard of that fakir abroad who had advertised he could make anyone thin or fat within 40 days. This was what he had used—in moderation. He had made a fortune during the short time he had practiced, but he had ended in a cell because he had bungled. He had been

hate to have you in this ugly business—

"He's the man," she said, as the doctor had entered the next day with his wife beside him, who tried to break in hysterically with eulogies of her husband.

"I know he's the man," Jimmie said, his face white with rage. "You—said—you'd get even with me," he panted, as he pushed the doctor into his inside office, and locked the door. Jimmie Grant knew how to handle excited men.

"You're the man—who'd do that—that—for your revenge. You'd take away my whole life, my happiness, would you? Well, I'll take away yours. And by the process of law. Slowly. In jail," he hissed.

The voice of Beth broke in again, a wailing, tragic voice, and then the voice of the other woman—the doctor's wife.

Within the soul of Jimmie Grant a conflict raged and tore. Should he mete out to this man the punishment he deserved? Or should he let him go out to his happiness—and his own repentance? Could he do it? Deeply he knew it was what Beth would have him do—if she thought about it afterward. What good would he be doing by punishing Arthur, who was being punished enough? For the first time he had felt himself to be a scoundrel. That was apparent enough.

"I don't deserve forgiveness," he begged. "I should get it all, all that's coming to me—but for her—my wife. I don't want to shield myself behind her. I don't know what made me do it. I was mad, mad! Oh, if I had succeeded, how terrible!" And he broke down and cried.

But Jimmie's battle was won. "Go," he said, "and tell her anything—that it was an old row we had years ago. That I lost my temper—anything!"

He opened the door. Beth was in his arms and with frightened eyes and white face Mrs. Chisholm went out, clutching her husband's arm. "Are you all right, Roddy darling?" Jimmie heard her say.

He looked at Beth for a long moment. The others had gone now. "We were to have gone to-morrow on a house party over Thanksgiving—do you suppose we could go off on our Thanksgiving holiday, just we two?" he asked her. "I want to feel I've got you, got you close."

She looked up at him and put her head on his coat. "Jimmie," she murmured.

"We could get married at once," he said. "There are plenty of parsons who'd marry us!"

And as he held her he felt in his heart his own thanksgiving, for so soon was he to hold as forever his girl he loved most dearly, and for her he had won the greatest victory over himself.

"It has always been my favorite day," she said. "It's such a homey day!"

They left his office and got into Jimmie's little car.

"I hope we find the parson in," she said, after they had decided where they would go after the license was obtained.

"If he isn't, we'll look up another," Jimmie answered, and as he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it a policeman grinned and said:

"Slowly, young man, slowly, you'll be held up at the next block for speedin' if you ain't careful."

But neither of them heard. Instead, Beth leaned back with a happy, contented sigh and said:

"Oh, Jimmie, dear, I'm so glad New York's full of parsons! And that Thanksgiving day is a day for no one outside the home!"

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Drawing Him Nearer, Nearer.

head about anything—not even yourself—except me!"

When Doctor Blakemore of the board of health gave back the report to Jimmie he felt sure then, though he hadn't doubted it for a moment, that the Doctor Chisholm had been the Arthur of college days.

But what a revenge!

He told Beth something of the report and asked her to come down to his office the following day, for he had summoned the doctor there and was having him closely watched.

"I'm afraid you'll have to come, dearest," he said, "to identify him. I

She smiled at him.

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Thanksgiving

I'M thankful to live in a land that is free, With chances for all men who ever they be, To labor in fields of their own for the spoil That comes to the hand that is willing to toil; To stand without fear, without favor or grace, From masters enthroned in inherited place.

I'M thankful for hearts with deep sympathy thrilled, Who care for the weary, the weak and the chilled; For boys and for girls to inherit the land With spirits alert, and the will to command— Past, present, or future, whatever may befall, I've thanks in my heart for the blessings of all!

John Kendrick Bangs in Farm and Real Estate Journal

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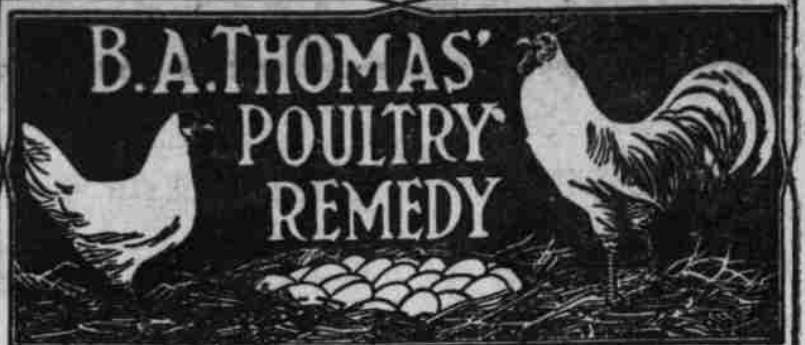
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B.A. THOMAS' POULTRY REMEDY

Healthy Chicks, More Eggs Assists Moulting—Good for Bowel Trouble and Other Diseases in Young Fowls RESULTS GREAT COST SMALL

I purchased a box of B. A. THOMAS' POULTRY REMEDY and began feeding according to directions. At that time my flock of 42 hens were only laying five to ten eggs per day. Today, one week from date of purchase, I am getting eighteen eggs per day. MRS. FANNY MOORE, Alma, Neb.

B. A. THOMAS' STOCK REMEDY. Makes healthy, thrifty stock. Keeps them free of worms. A medicine, not a food. Very economical.

B. A. Thomas' Hog Powder "Saves the Bacon"

FARRIS' COLIC REMEDY. For horse colic. The easy way. No drenching. A child can give it.

OLD KENTUCKY MANUFACTURING CO. PADUCAH, KY.

An Artisan. Number, Please. "That fellow is a sharper." Bess—Were they married in haste? "A crook?" June—Goodness, no; why, they were married by telephone.



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St. Louis, U.S.A. Importers of Coffee, Tea and Spices



Ask you grocer about Schotten quality in coffees. The original plantation quality brought direct to your table, the Schotten way, with Schotten care. Grocers: Write for our Col-E-Log.

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—land equal to that which through many years has yielded from 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre—grazing land convenient to good grain farms at proportionately low prices. These lands have every rural convenience; good schools, churches, roads, telephones, etc., close to live towns and good markets.

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